Volume LIX CHICAGO, AUGUST 29, 1907 Number 26

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Religion

Religion is to eat and drink for health;
Keep body sweet and clean and breathe full deep;
Hold supple frame and mind the highest wealth;
Through honest toil each day earn soundest sleep.

Religion is to seek the good of Man;
To give each child a welcome upon earth;
Put private avarice 'neath scornful ban;
Make every "good" an equal joy and mirth.

Religion is to find a child's repose
In Nature's beauty and Law's rhythmic beat;
To deem the wonder of an opening rose
Symbolic of the heart of things as sweet.

With soul entranced by the mysterious all,
Be ardor mine to meet religion's call!

JAMES H. WEST.

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F. A. MILLER
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIX | THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1907 | NUMBER 26

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of summers three,
  Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,
  "And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
  From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
  And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
  Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
  And let us feel the light of Thee!

—*Whittier.*

In another column we print a communication direct from The Hague in which our readers will take much interest. Mr. Fulk went thither in the interest of the inter-collegiate peace society and took an active part in organizing the meeting at the Y. M. C. A. building in Chicago, at which Mr. Stead was heard on the Sunday following the close of the New York Peace Congress. The work is progressing. The Congress at The Hague is doing something.

The Board of Trustees of Lincoln Farm Association in their bulletin for July report $8,698.88 received during the month from 3,053 contributors, making an average of $2.85 each. This brings up the total amount of contributions received so far to $64,202.19, leaving, if we understand the statement, about nineteen thousand dollars on accumulations in the bank. Let the good work go on. Perhaps no enterprise now before the American people has suffered a greater loss in the death of the great sculptor, St. Gaudens, than this venture in which the artist was so much interested, to which he meant to give valuable service.

Notwithstanding the efforts to divert the stream of immigration to Texas, Canada and other American ports, New York is still the great open door to American opportunity for the hunted and oppressed of the world. According to *Charities,* 11,807 entered through this door during the month of June, 8,000 of whom came from Russia. The eastern European may take on American life a little more tardily than did the great tide of Celtic, Scandinavian, English and German folk that poured in through the '50's and '60's, but they surely will take it on. Eight thousand raw Russians today mean many more thousands of intelligent, hard-working, property-owning voters in America fifty years hence. Let them come if we are worthy of them. What now seems to be unattractive sediment will prove to be the cream of the European pan. They may be ignorant but they are virile; they may be brutal but they are healthy and full of vitality. Let them come. If we fail to assimilate them, then the shame and the blame be on us, not on them.

In the current issue of the *Dial* we find an illuminating review of Mr. Hulbert's recent book, "The Passing of Korea." The author of this volume has passed many years in Korea and is qualified to speak in discriminating though sympathetic terms of these most Anglo-Saxon people of the East. The *Dial* suggests that if the absorption of Korea by Japan could take place without the obliteration of a civilization fundamentally superior there need not be general regret, but this is exactly what Mr. Hulbert seeks to demonstrate is an impossible task. He mercilessly strips the glamour from Japanese progress and achievement in the past half century, asserts that the adoption of western ideas and methods has been purely selfish and utilitarian, with an utter failure to discover the spring of western culture, much less to drink of its healing waters. If it is true that while the Japs may be better fighters and the Chinese may be better merchants, the Koreans are more Anglo-Saxon in temperament, and "by far the pleasantest people in the far East to live amongst," there would seem little to justify the "benevolent assimilation" being pursued by the Mikado's empire.

We are told that in the early days of the Leyden University, when a new and conspicuous professor arrived, it was made the occasion of a gala day. There were bonfires and illuminations, and old and young, rich and poor greeted the learned arrival. The mediæval enthusiasm of these Dutchmen unfortunately cannot be reproduced today, but the subsequent history of the virility and the place of Little Holland in European life and politics justifies these antique celebrations. President James of the University of Illinois announces the arrival of Professor Goss from Purdue University to be the Director of the School of Engineering which is to be organized in the State University of Illinois. Four professorships have already been established, viz., railroad civil engineering, railroad mechanical engineering, railroad electrical engineering and railroad administration. The latter is the most unique and significant. When railroad ad-

ministration is recognized as an academic requirement and when railroad officials are made up of men who have more interest in and knowledge of rails, signals, locomotives and the humanity connected therewith than they have of Wall Street and speculative bonds, the interest of the railroad and the interest of the people who patronize it will become identical and the fear of state interference will give way to an enthusiasm for state co-operation and a readiness to promote the same on the part of the officials who have been educated by the State for this specific purpose. Then the railroad president will say, "For this cause came I into the world."

Perhaps the military men of the nation who are bothering their heads over the question "Why are desertions so frequent in the United States army?" (amounting to 8,000, was it, this last year?) will find some fresh light on the subject in the illustrated article on "The Farmers' Debt to Science" found in the August *Review of Reviews*. Iowa's great triumphs in its short courses in agriculture, seed corn special trains and local experimental stations in connection with country schools that are awakening an enthusiasm for the farm, a relish for corn-raising and the perfecting of pigs and cattle, leave only the dregs of society, the blemished young men, those who are not good enough for civic life, for the army. They enlist either for the sake of escaping some trouble or disgrace or in the hope of finding a soft job with little work, but soon find that idleness is very tedious, so tedious that even so progressive a man as Gen. Fred C. Ainsworth in his annual report offers the absence of the canteen as one of the active causes of desertion, while the agricultural and thrifty sections of our country are rapidly being attached to the "dry" territory. The spiritless soldier pines for his beer and cannot get along without his whiskey. Kipling, than whom no modern writer has had a better chance to study the English private has shown us that "Tommy Atkins" is a defective character, debilitated, mutilated, by the camp. If the safety of the United States depended upon our regular army we should indeed be in an exposed position. Is America anxious to create a "Tommy Atkins" class? If not, let us give the enlisted man something worth while to do. Put him into the ranks of creators and producers or else do without him.

The old cry of "State Rights" and the state jealousies arising therefrom is becoming more and more an absurdity and a hindrance. The new legislations and officials springing therefrom, represented by the state railroad commissions and municipal promotion associations make more and more clear the impossibility of preserving state autonomy and state consciousness along the theoretical lines of the surveyor where not even a mountain or a river obtrudes upon the common life. Spite of all efforts to the contrary the states are constantly falling into one another's arms; or, what is better, standing shoulder to shoulder under common burdens and reaching after common privileges. The suggestion set forth by William George Jordan (172 W. 81st street, New York) in a little pamphlet entitled "The House of Governors," is a timely one. He suggests that the governors of the forty-five states should meet annually for two or three weeks of consultation and conference, such consultation to have in view only inspiration, influence and initiative. How much might be accomplished by such friendly conference in the way of unifying legislation and leveling up state activities. Everything from divorce laws to country highways and district school houses would soon feel the touch of these combined governors. Let the governors come together and the petty rivalries and the mean patriotism, born of the competitive spirit, will give way to the generous enthusiasms over convictions and interests held in common.

Our South American Cousins

All the testimony of experts and the slow-growing conviction of the intelligent go to show that the citizens of the United States are afflicted with a strange incapacity to understand our South American cousins. The least visited section of the world and consequently the least appreciated on the part of the citizens of the United States is the southern section of our own country. Egypt, the played-out country, the land of graves, is more known and more often visited, much more studied by the citizens of the United States than is Chile, the wonderful land of virgin fertility, of mineral wealth, striking scenery and unmeasured possibilities. Perhaps Rio Janeiro is a more interesting city to the seeker after culture as well as the seeker after wealth than Edinburgh or Antwerp, but hundreds of curious and intelligent Americans seek the latter to every one that seeks the former. This is of course largely accounted for by the fact that we have more interest in and perhaps more sympathy with parents and grandparents than with cousins or brothers and sisters.

It will not always be so. The South American republics are to be heard from. The dream of the new Eldorado was not all a dream and the Spanish blood is not yet all run out. Perhaps on the south end of the continent that composite man, the true American, is to be developed. All this and much more is suggested by the astonishing article in the August *Review of Reviews* on "Railroads and Railroad Building in South America," by Lewis R. Freeman. Many readers of UNITY, like its editor, are doubtless too ignorant concerning South American matters to be able to read the article appreciatively, but we cannot help being startled by the revelations in this article which tells us that railroad tracks in Argentina "class considerably ahead of those of the United States;" that the "railroad stations in Buenos Ayres are superior to those in the United States;" that "life on South American railroads is safer and the management of its great trunk lines often superior;" that the "railroads of Chile are, though owned and operated by the state, ably managed,

handle an enormous amount of business and pay handsome dividends." This and much more interesting information arouses a patriotism that is truly American and not simply North American. It reassures one's democracy and rejuvenates one's courage.

Let us get acquainted with our cousins and enjoy the fellowship that goes with large families. The Pan-American railroad is a venture as fraught with blessings, material and spiritual, as is the Panama canal, to say the least. Here as elsewhere:

"The learned eye is still the loving one."

Spanish is very much a living language. An increase of knowledge inevitably brings an increase of respect and love. "The Christ of the Andes," a picture of which we find in this article, is the first great art witness to the triumph of diplomacy over war. It witnesses to a literal transformation of swords into plowshares, of spears into pruning-hooks.

Eternal Success

In a hall, not far from Boston,—a hall devoted to radical free thinking and free talk—an orator was haranguing an assembly on Religion for Common Folk. He said, your orthodox God is a failure from the start, and your whole theology is a story of failures, blunders, amendments, and then failures again. "Of what possible value to us can be a God who undertook to create a world and a man—as we are told—and the man was such a miserable being that he defied his maker, who in turn doomed him to eternal misery? A curious affair, is it not, to have all time and all eternity hang on a job of that sort? Could a successful God make a decent sort of man; a being sure to be faithful and truthful?" The harangue was not all of it as pertinent to logic as the above, but he certainly made his case, that current theology gives us a Deity who failed in his purpose—unless in that purpose was included rebellion, wreckage and an eternal hell.

The only amelioration offered is an attempt to save his fallen creatures, by the unmerited death of his own well-beloved son—an attempt that fails of securing salvation for anything more than a very meager fragment of the human race; leaving eternal hate and hell as the most positive factors of the whole scheme. The orator bore on this point, with condemning quotations from the most eminent churchmen. He insisted that a religion of pessimism could never win the assent of reason, or command the respect of the world.

We were compelled to turn away with grief, and to make a renewal of the very corner stone of sensible belief; namely that, whatever wreckage it may make of theology, our own or that of anybody else, we must establish and affirm that God—the real God, is an Eternal Success. It was with lighter feet that we trod the pavement, when we felt the calming power of this thesis. God, the Life and the Light of the universe, is also the Hope and Trust of the universe. In him the soul can have love and peace. There is healing in the doctrine. It shows how we can be saved by faith. How much of this did Luther feel, when he stood in the sunlight of "justification by faith?" To trust God is to abolish all the rubbish of a disrupted and thwarted purpose. It then follows that, in all the complexity of evolution, we can believe that goodness is, and inherently must be, triumphant. To look up is to meet eternal love; hate is nowhere. Surely we do not discover the silly love of a doting parent, which in itself involves failure; but we meet the helpful love that lies in the right hand of one who is as true in darkness as in daytime. In this way this magnificent doctrine of justification or salvation by faith shines gloriously.

It seems to us that what we most need in these days, is this sort of trust in a God that appeals to our reason as well as our heart. We do not stand in need of salvation by blood—that doctrine is the relic of a barbaric whim, at best. We do not stand in need of a golden paved heaven, for the few that are rescued from the Great Failure. Such a retreat at best, must breed selfishness. What we do need is the confiding friendship of unfailing goodness. We need to go ahead without a wavering doubt of His success, in whom we live and have our being. God is Eternal Success; and all that he continually undertakes moves continuously forward into betterment. Evolution looks upward, and not downward; and it looks forward into realms of diviner living and diviner doing. This world is in the hands of One who can and will make the true the beautiful and the good absolutely triumphant. No other faith than this can satisfy the human soul. The soul was made for this sort of trust, and was not made for a religion of despair. Put your hand in the hand of God, and believe in, not articles of faith, but in *Him*.

E. P. Powell.

Correspondence

The Hague, August 9, 1907.

Dear Mr. Jones: I am taking occasion to write you a brief note concerning the Peace Conference. You will remember me in connection with the Peace Meeting at the Central Y. M. C. A., at which Mr. W. T. Stead spoke. I am mailing you also a marked copy of the *Courier de la Conference,* edited by Mr. Stead.

The Conference has now been in session seven weeks. The results up to the present time are very gratifying. Much of the work during the fore part of the Conference was devoted to measures for the regulation of warfare. This caused considerable criticism by the outside public. It was the opinion of most of the delegates, however, that this was important work, as international law on many of these questions had never been fixed. The tendency of these measures was to mitigate, to some extent, the cruelties of war. Recently the Conference has turned to the more important matters. The first of these was General Porter's proposition for arbitration of questions pertaining to debts between nations before the employment of physical force. This proposition has been practically agreed to by all the nations. It is considered a marked gain in international conciliation. The most important measure, perhaps, of all was introduced by Mr. Choate, proposing the establishment of a regularly constituted and permanent International Court. This has been agreed to by twenty-six nations, including all the large nations, and opposed by none. A number of the small nations have not yet given their consent, but this is not absolutely necessary. The Court is now assured. It is to be composed of seventeen judges, selected from the various nations. These will be placed on adequate salary and severed, as far as possible, from private interests in their respective countries, in order to insure impartial judgment. The work of the delegates is now devoted to a general arbitration treaty, which shall provide jurisdiction for the World Court in certain classes of cases. On this point there is a great difference of sentiment. Some nations are willing to allow the Court jurisdiction in almost all cases not affecting the sovereignty of the state, while others are inclined to reserve to themselves the right to go to war whenever they desire. The United States' delegates are

taking the most advanced ground of any. In fact they have taken the initiative in important matters throughout the Conference. It deserves to be said that Japan and Germany have been the strongest supporters of the United States in all the progressive measures.

The corner-stone of the Palace of Peace, which was donated by Andrew Carnegie, was laid the 30th of last month. The ceremony was very beautiful and impressive. Mr. Nelidoff's speech was unusually optimistic and strong in favor of international arbitration as a substitute for war. In closing he said: "It is the almost sacred character of the building which I wish to emphasize. * * * It represents a new principle in the relations of peoples, namely, peace by justice and right, which receives solemn consecration by the foundation of this special international institution."

It happens that one of the Japanese delegates, who is also Japan's Minister to Holland, is a graduate of an American university, which is also my *Alma Mater*. This has led me to a rather close association with him. He thinks the work of the present Conference will do much to remove the causes of war, and therefore prevent war itself. He says there is a very widespread interest in all countries in the peace movement. This, he thinks, is due to the general advancement of intelligence. He says: "A highly intelligent man will not be disposed to fight over a disagreement, but an ignorant one will." He says there is no foundation whatever to the war talk between Japan and the United States; that the United States has always been one of Japan's best friends and still is. He is sure that neither country wishes to go to war. Therefore the San Francisco affair, which was only local, and which has been disapproved by the United States Government, will not be made an excuse for fighting.

It is expected that the Peace Conference will last another month.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE FULK.

Our Tower Hill Letter

VI.

Monday morning, August 11, opened the week's study of Ruskin, which has become an essential part of the Summer School. This year the text-book was "Time and Tide," a series of twenty-five letters originally addressed to a cork-cutter of Sunderland, England, written in 1867, when frequent rebuffs from publishers had driven Mr. Ruskin to seek in private correspondence the only means of expression then available, on sociological and economic subjects, which were growingly dear and important to him.

There is no literature available to the English reader, our leader said, fuller of curious information or quaint illumination than the writings of John Ruskin, himself one of the most genial and sympathetic characters in English history. Hobson, his wisest interpreter, calls him a socialist, but perhaps Ruskin himself would have disavowed the term. Whatever he was, he was moved by a noble discontent, stirred with a great dream of a new order of things. He was not less in his true place when engaged upon the problems of political economy than in the study of art. His "Modern Painters" was born out of his sense of justice rather than out of his sense of art. He felt the woes of the world, like Jeremiah he was draped with the sorrows of his time. He was the Man of Sorrows of the English speaking world.

Ruskin's work, here or elsewhere, was never the unfoldment of a system of philosophy or economics, but a declaration of principles. In this case it is a discussion with an intelligent workingman of his hopes for a changed condition in society. He is not greatly smitten with co-operation, as ordinarily understood. Indeed, he has little faith in any man who hopes to set the world right by legislation. The co-operation he advocates is that which is opposed to competition and which asks for a division of profits in some degree proportional to the labor performed, a co-operation which should put an end to rivalry between trading individuals, trading firms and trading nations, believing that what is for the good of one is for the good of all, or, with Emerson and Marcus Aurelius, that "what is good for the bee is good for the hive."

The chapters on "The Corruption of Modern Pleasure" are laden with suggestion, and the importance of the subject was expressed by the leader in the words of George Eliot, here quoted from memory, and perhaps inaccurately,—"Serious as is the task of directing the labor of the world, it is not so serious as is that of directing its leisure."

What is most wanted in education, says Ruskin, is the two mental graces, reverence and compassion. He pleads for the education of the children of the slums, where the hope of the world lies today, and shows that economically as well as morally and spiritually, the greatest foolishness of the age is the wastage of human life and service resulting from the lack of proper training for the young.

On Wednesday evening we listened to an address "On the Schools of Wisconsin," by Mr. Thomas Lloyd Jones, superintendent of the public schools of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. To one who has not been in close touch with the work of the Wisconsin schools, the interesting facts with regard to the operation of the system, the work accomplished, and, most astonishing of all, the amount of State aid and supervision, were of thrilling interest, and, as the Tower Hill conductor well said, the simple facts related by the lecturer would, at the time of the writing of "Time and Tide" have seemed more Utopian than Ruskin's dream, yet his hope of State aid and direction was then thought too impracticable to receive respectful attention.

Thursday evening the lantern was called into service and slides illustrating the studies in the apocrypha were thrown on the screen and explained by the leader, the children as well as the older ones contributing their share to the pleasure and profit of the evening by reciting the texts appropriate to the various illustrations.

The study of the native life of Tower Hill, with or without the aid of teachers, is always in progress during the residence season. Its birds are always being "named without a gun," its insects are the continual subjects of curiosity and study, its flowers and trees are made companions of and friends, its ferns are domesticated in the mountain gardens of the residents, where they may be studied at close range, and the camera seeks out the secrets and perpetuates the loveliness of this spot of wilderness beauty which is left still unspoiled in the heart of civilization.

The Summer School reached its culmination in point of numbers and interest in the women's congress which convened Friday evening and continued through Saturday and Sunday. A general invitation extended by Tower Hill to all women interested in women's clubs and women's problems met with a hearty response from delegations representing Lavalle, Dodge-

ville, Avoca, Richland Center, Prairie du Chien, Boscobel, Waukesha, Wyoming, Spring Green, Lone Rock, Platteville, Hillside, Madison and Oak Park, Ill. Friday evening was given to an address by A. J. Hutton, President of the State Industrial Home for Boys at Waukesha, Wis., on "The Boy and His Mother." A plain, earnest talk from a man of deep sympathies and earnest convictions on the duties of the citizens of his State to its homeless or worse than homeless boys. Saturday morning a companion address on "The Girl and Her Mother" was given by Miss Ellen Torelle, Dean of Milwaukee Downer College, in a paper full of frank and wise consideration of problems pertaining to the physical, mental and spiritual welfare of the maturing girl. Mrs. C. E. Buell, of Madison, spoke on "Club Interests," and Miss L. E. Stearns, of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, gave an address scintillating with wit and wisdom on a timely subject, "Regulate Your Hurry." The evening was given to "Recollections of Iowa County," with Mrs. Horatio Virgin of Platteville as principal speaker. Most of these meetings were skilfully conducted by Mrs. Clinton DeWitt, of Platteville, whose grace and skill as a presiding officer contributed much to the success of the conference.

The meetings were full of happy surprises and hopeful revealments. The keynote was service. The discussions dwelt almost wholly on practical subjects, and reports from various clubs throughout the State showed that much has been already accomplished through woman's work along many lines ranging from the disposition of garbage to the welfare of schools, libraries and churches. These women were not in pursuit of their rights but in the quest of duties, and in this quest the consciousness of sex lines, which so often obtrudes itself upon such occasions, was almost wholly absent. The listener was convinced that these women were not in search of office or position or of privileges distinctively feminine; they were a body of citizens seeking the best interest of citizens, striving to fulfill the duties of citizenship. If woman's meetings more often took on such womanly dignity and courage, the opponents of woman's enfranchisement would have not an inch left to stand on. Wisconsin may well be proud of her women.

Sunday, August 18, might almost be called Communion Day on Tower Hill. Most of the representatives of the clubs remained over and residents drove in from far and near to attend the double service and enjoy the hospitalities of the Hill. The morning sermon was given by Rev. Mary Andrews of Kansas City, on the subject of prayer. Most prayers are an impertinence, the speaker said. How absurd to beg something of God the granting of which would necessitate the cessation of law. We must not implore a special interposition in our human affairs, but see to it that we keep ourselves on the side of Providence. As the heart pants for the water brooks, so the human soul goes out to a life larger than itself. Because we have broken away from the old forms of prayer it does not follow that we have gone away from God or lost the power to pray.

The afternoon sermon was by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The speaker drew his illustrations from the lives of two Lydias of history, first from the Lydia of Thyatira who opened her house to Paul, and in so doing opened her doors to a great opportunity. She was a type of the modern woman, a housekeeper and homemaker, a woman with an open mind as well as an open heart, the patron saint of hospitality. The second Lydia was Lydia Maria Child, who was as hospitable as the first to modern thought. My message, the speaker proceeded, to the women of Wisconsin today is, of two conditions of fellowship always take the more open, of two estimates of men or women always take the more charitable; of two methods of spending a dollar always take the more intangible, for it is always the nobler. Do these things and you will become a Lydia, such a woman as helped open the door of Europe to Christianity.

According to the well-established custom, the Vesper service on this last Sunday evening of the Summer School was the reading by Mr. Jones of Browning's Saul, with an organ accompaniment, thus happily ending the twenty-sixth season of the Summer School, the nineteenth Helena Valley Grove meeting, and the second convention of women's clubs.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, August 23, 1907.

Something About Preaching

We seem to have reached an off-clearing age with the sermon. We hear much lately of the modern sermon, which means that the people no longer care for the discussions which pleased them in the last century. The modern sermon is expected not only to be more or less in accord with the higher criticism, but up to date in science; and above all to be very practical. Probably very few people know exactly what they do want, but they are convinced that they do not want what they have been getting. Dr. Arthur S. Hoyt in his recent work on preaching, insists that our age has no more definite conception of the sermon than it has of a public address. "The age of the telephone is impatient of the sounding phrase. The scientific spirit is suspicious of the name of eloquence." He thinks there is more individuality allowable, and that we have less call for imitating pulpit masters. We remember very well in our theological seminary days when the sermon was discussed strictly as a work of art. This is no longer believed or taught. Prof. Hoyt would bring preaching down to the simplicity of the talks that Jesus had with his disciples. The oral method is bound to carry the day. This was the power of Beecher, that he talked to the people—never preached. Still the question remains what shall the preacher talk about? What are the topics that the minister should take up with his people?

We imagine that a young minister could do nothing better than to lay aside all volumes of sermons, and take up the teachings of Jesus, till he becomes filled with both their method and their substance. The Parables are certainly exquisitely beautiful, but they are intensely practical. There is no rhetoric about them, and they are always born of nature, or of the conditions near at hand. Jesus rarely made an allusion even to the sacred writings of the Hebrews, or if he did it was very brief. He talked out of the heart to the heart, and he took for illustration the thing nearest at hand. We remember in our theological seminary days a sharp warning against that style of preaching which would discuss a garden in the pulpit; "ending possibly in telling how to grow larger beets, with more sugar in them." Yet Jesus did nothing more frequently than to discuss gardens. His illustrations are not only from the lilies but from the fig trees and the grapes. Every domestic animal comes within the range of his talk, including the birds and the swine. He illustrates by brick making and by house building. Possibly we get too familiar with these talks of Jesus, but lose the real pith and life of them.

The straightforwardness of the sermon seems to us to be the most important point. It should aim not to be a sermon, but to produce an effect. The preacher should not discuss a topic, but get at the folk who are looking to him as leader. It need not be a question with him, so much how he shall remedy an evil or start in motion a force for good, as that he really bring about what he desires. The power of Jesus work was its individuality. Here at last came a man whose purpose was strong enough to deliver him from the bondage of tradition. The Rabbis went among the crowd according to established custom; Jesus saw a thing to be done, and did it. Even when he quoted from the Rabbis or Prophets, every passage had new life put into it. The Pharisees had so formalized spiritual doctrines that they were dead, as they reached the ears of the people. Jesus said "Go and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice." It seems amazing that the Christian church can have taken the vital words of this master and once more deadened them.

Our greatest danger is from negation. It matters very little to an average audience what we deny or question. The higher criticism of ancient books concerns only a few scholars. The better use of the Bible is to illustrate rather than to expound. Early Protestantism wasted its forces until it congealed in Calvinism. When the Reformer got by antagonizing masses and superstitions he grew coherent. Every coherent church or sect is today either positively Calvinistic or positive in its affirmation of antagonism to Calvinism. Above all the preacher should not preach himself—his own growth, experiences and possibly idiosyncracies. He must learn to realize other people. It requires exactly the same common sense that we apply to business, applied to creating ethical life. A parishioner recently complained, "I go to church hungry, and I want food; I am bound to say I seldom get it." Another expresses his idea of a good church service as a moral bath. "I need on Sunday for my mind what I get for my body. If I could have a half hour with Jesus, I think I should get just what I want. As it is I pick out the church where I feel cleansed, whether I believe a word of the sermon or not." So we say to the young preacher: Do not write fine discourses, do not discuss the revolutions of the day. Say little about what you discard. Give plain food in a simple way; and make Jesus your model. Better teach how to grow good gardens than to stir up religious controversy, or try to feed the people on the chaff of denials.

E. P. Powell.

To Mrs. Dean Bangs on Her 81st Birthday

From out the folds of night
  The winsome day is born,
And sunset skies repeat
  The very hues of morn.

The river of thy years
  For thee, O soul of truth,
Reflects the sunlit heights
  Of thine eternal youth.

And now the Silence speaks,
  And Day's loud voice is still,
That hearts may keep in tune
  With thrush and whippoorwill.

We have no grief for day
  Altho' the sun is low,
So fair the sunset skies,
  So dear the after-glow.

—Evelyn H. Walker.

Tower Hill, Wis., August 24, 1907.

THE BOOK TABLE

The Life of Goethe*

From the Italian Journey to the Wars of Liberation.

With this second volume interest in the development of Goethe's genius deepens. The world-stirring events of the French revolution and Napoleonic era give an acute thrill to his life and writings, though he confesses that, while these incomprehensible movements absorbed his poetic activity, the efforts he made resulted almost in failure. In fact, he was antagonistic to the revolution and was hardly more than a spectator, his own world going to pieces around him, and his ideal world not able to be. Not alone from dramas like Tasso and Iphigenie but in his novel Wilhelm Meister and poem Hermann and Dorothea one gets insight into the intense individualistic passion and aristocratic atmosphere of literature in Goethe's age of enlightenment. When he returns to Weimar from a two years' sojourn in Italy he is a different man, and regards his friends differently. Schiller noticed this and wrote to Körner this characterization: "Goethe has a talent for fascinating people and for ingratiating himself with them by means of little attentions, as well as greater favors, but he always knows how to hold himself free. He makes his existence felt by means of his generosity, but only after the manner of a god, without giving himself."

Still this judgment was scarcely just. His biographer holds that "every exceptionally gifted man who rules his actions in accordance with the fulfilment of a mission takes on the appearance of egoism, because he refuses to allow his time to be taken up with anything that is likely to prove a hindrance to this mission."

Varnhagen, an acute observer of men, has said of Goethe: "His heart cherishes the purest, warmest love." "He was love itself," said the plain, simple Councillor of Mines, Mahr of Ilmeran.

It is the next best thing to living in those very times and in the intellectually charged circles at Weimar and Jena to read the chapters of this volume on "The Writer and the Revolution," "Goethe and Philosophy," "Schiller," "The War," "Wilhelm Meister," and "Hermann and Dorothea." The careful and extended analyses given to the principal works of this period gives one the tingle and sense of life's enlargement which the literary elite of that time must have enjoyed as each of Goethe's books was published. But most rewarding of all is the study of this life of a man admitted on all sides to be the complete and preëminent representative of the highest culture of that age. There is ample notice taken of what may be called his weaknesses and faults. Still the fairest measure of a man must always be the estimate placed on him by those nearest and most sympathetic and capable of appreciation. The younger poet, Schiller, gained a friendship with Goethe which forms one of the beautiful things of literary history. He once wrote: "In comparison with Goethe I am, and remain, a poetic vagabond." And on his side the elder poet showed his generous sense of the value of Schiller. Of this friendship he said in 1794: "What a great advantage your interest will prove to me you will soon see, when on closer acquaintance you discover in me a kind of darkness and hesitation, which I cannot overcome." He means that the buoyancy, and spontaneity, and dash of Schiller dragged him out of brooding moods and spurred him to undertake the works that were in suspense. From

*The Life of Goethe. Vol. I. By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph. D. Translated from the German by William A. Cooper. MacMillan. $3.50 net.

reading this volume one gets a measure of the artistic influence Goethe wielded. His definition of art carries a weight of meaning: "Let every man be a Greek in his own fashion, but let him be a Greek."

When "Hermann and Dorothea" appeared Schiller commented to a friend on the work as follows: "His epic you have read. You will confess that it is the culmination of his own art, and of all modern art. * * * It is incredible how easily he now gathers the fruit of a well-applied life and an uninterrupted education; how significant and sure are all his steps, and how well his clear understanding of himself and of all objects preserves him from vain striving and from going about to find his way." Here are a couple of sentences which indicate Goethe's open-eyed sense of the intolerable social status during those times of State Absolutism: "The curse, that *we* are to consume the marrow of the land, allows no blessing of comfort to grow." This in a letter of 1782. Again in 1784 he writes: "The poor common people always have to carry the sack, and it matters little whether it gets too heavy on the right side, or on the left."

One thing is plain: Goethe understood his age and had insight into bad conditions which made inevitable the European upheavel and Napoleon's career. To Lavater he wrote in 1781: "I have traces, not to say news, of a great mass of lies that steal about in the dark. Believe me, our moral and political world is undermined with subterranean passages, cellars and sewers." Q. L. Dowd.

Roscoe, Ill., Aug. 9, 1907.

With the Monthlies

In the August *Atlantic* we have another installment of John Burroughs, entitled "Nature and Animal Life." Considered as a piece of logic it is too bad a failure for a man who holds any literary rank. As a piece of stubborn defense of a false position it is a disagreeable affair. And considered from any standpoint it is a radical failure. Here are some of his affirmations, "The activities of all creatures are largely determined by their organization." Are not their organizations largely determined by their activities? "Marsh plants find their way to the marshes; hill plants find their way to the hills," and so animals find their places according to their needs. On the contrary marsh plants are carried to the marshes by the birds and hill plants to the hills. Nearly all the sowing of wild seeds and the distribution of plants is done by animal interposition. It does not follow at all that animals are merely creatures of instinct, like burdocks and catnip, wild cherries and blackberries. He affirms that the "birds come North when a warm wave brings them, and the shad run up the rivers when the South wind blows them up." This is nonsense. I have seen the birds making their preparations for going South by weeks of consultation with each other; then in Florida the robins are weeks in preparing for their return trip. They start in great clouds just at sunset, flying all night, and feeding all day, wherever the day finds them. When they get to their Northern limits, the great cloud divides up into groups, and families, and it is done with as much precision as Gen. Grant's army was divided when it was sent home. He speaks of the "sphere of instinct." Will he tell us what instinct is? Is it a gift; or is it a result? All scientific thinkers understand it to be an acquired power. The trouble with Mr. Burroughs is that he was a very poetical naturalist, and not a trained investigator; besides lacking that elemental philosophy which ought to go with every one who undertakes to argue these questions of intelligence. He tells us a great deal of what he will and will not believe. He ought to know that a very large part of man's mental processes are now instinctive. But when he comes to say of the animals "We do not realize what automatons they are;" I should like to have him come and talk with my catbirds or with my collie dogs. And when he says the migrating of birds in spring or fall is "no more the result of purpose or calculation than the putting forth or the dropping of the leaves of the trees," I say he is as blind as a bat.

The *Atlantic* closes in this number that most remarkable literary work "The Spirit of Old West Point," by Gen. Schaff. Of all the literary productions of the last ten years I have hardly found one that I should rank higher than this. Its beauty of style, and what I must call its sweetness of soul, are indescribably fine. I would quote some of the finer passages, only that, taken out of their setting, they would not produce their legitimate effect. I have read the series of articles with that continually recurring delight that makes a fine book so wonderful a companion. Better perhaps than all the rest the author closes his work with a warning to America not to let the military spirit get uppermost even in West Point life. He loves his old alma mater not because she taught him to fight, but because "the atmosphere of Cultivation and Scholarship prevailed over, uplifted, and refined that of barracks and camps."

I hope the readers of Unity have not overlooked the *World's Work* for June, a number completely filled with news concerning the New South—its railroad enterprises, its intellectual uplift, its cotton mills, its great orchards, its wonderful climate, and its industries of all sorts that are rising out of the debris left by slavery. E. P. Powell.

"What Is Progress?"

The Phi Beta Kappa address delivered in Sanders Theater by the Rt. Hon. James Bryce on June 26 appears as the leading article in the August *Atlantic*. It will be recalled that our distinguished American ambassador, James Russell Lowell, delivered an oration before the same society and in the same hall twenty-one years ago, and that this also was printed in the *Atlantic*. Mr. Lowell spoke on the "Harvard Anniversary;" Mr. Bryce on "What Is Progress?" His speech is a series of inquiries, in themselves half answers, into the universal human problems of intellectual, moral and physical improvement, of happiness and of its relation to pleasure. In many respects the essay is unique. After his discussion, Mr. Bryce says: "The bark that carries man and his fortune traverses an ocean where the winds are variable and the currents unknown. He can do little to direct its course, and the mists that shroud the horizon hang as thick and low as they did when the voyage began."

Underlying Japanese Humanities

It is the claim of Richard Barry, eye-witness of the operations at Port Arthur, and specially qualified to speak of the character and temper of the Japanese soldier, that one-tenth of Japan's male population "is possessed with the itch for conflict." The effect and significance of this spirit of belligerent longing will be discussed by the author of "Port Arthur—A Monster Heroism," in the September *Century*, under the title of "Underlying Japanese Humanities." The article comes with special timeliness and importance following recent warm-weather-war-talk as to the relations of the United States and Japan.

Mother Bickerdyke*

Of all who had prominent parts in the great Civil War in America, none won a warmer place in the hearts of the people, especially the people of Kansas, than did Mother Bickerdyke. She earned it.

Some of the stories of her service on the field, after the battle, and in the hospital, have been often told. But it has remained for a Kansas woman to tell the story of her last years spent in the short-grass country in Kansas. Mrs. Florence Shaw Kellogg, of Fay, Russell county, Kansas, knew Mother Bickerdyke as a neighbor and friend. Readers of *The Kansas Farmer* need not to be told how appreciative a friend Mrs. Kellogg is.

"Mother Bickerdyke as I Knew Her," with an introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, tells a story that can not be too deeply impressed, one that any old soldier and any old soldier's child will treasure. Every citizen should have it. —From the *Kansas Farmer.*

"MOTHER BICKERDYKE."

We have just received a copy of "Mother Bickerdyke as I Knew Her," recently published by Unity. We have read it—every word—in fact it is so beautiful, so fascinating, that one can not help reading to the end when once started, and hard must be the heart that is not touched; dry, indeed, must be the eye from which no tears will flow, in reading this sad, sweet story, as it is told by Mrs. Kellogg in her "work of love."

The book, from cover to cover, is full of reminiscences of that grand old lady and many are personal observations of the author. There are instances related, known, also, by almost every citizen of Russell county. How many hundreds of people can not, by reading the book, recall the beautiful tribute paid to Mother Bickerdyke by the Hon. Lewis Hanback at the gathering of the multitude of people who met in Bunkerhill in honor of her name? How many are there who do not know of the sacrifices made by Mother Bickerdyke that others might be comforted? These and many other facts are told in the book in Mrs. Kellogg's own, inimitable way and is without doubt the most authentic story ever told of her whom thousands have known and loved.—From the *Russell (Kan.) Record.*

AS SHE KNEW HER.

This office is in receipt of a copy of "Mother Bickerdyke as I Knew Her." . . The introduction is by Jenkin Lloyd Jones and it is a splendid tribute to a woman who labored unceasingly for the boys of '61 in the field and in the paths of peace after the war until her death. Mrs. Kellogg tells the story of her army service, ... then goes into her life as she knew her and pays a tribute to "Mother" Bickerdyke which cannot be described. Mrs. Kellogg was not only in thorough sympathy with 'Mother" Bickerdyke's life work, she understood it and the good woman far better than anyone did except possibly her "boys," the soldiers who were cared for in army sickness and aided in every way within her power afterward. Mrs. Kellogg is therefore enabled to know much more of Mrs. Bickerdyke than the casual acquaintance and her original and interesting style of writing enables her to give these facts, thoughts and impressions to the public in a most entertaining way.—From the *Russell (Kan.) Reformer.*

FROM A PERSONAL LETTER TO THE AUTHOR.

"You are to be congratulated upon writing so entertaining and true-to-life story. I think you have done your subject justice as only a lady of deep feeling and refinement could do. You have brought out Mother's home life better and plainer to the public than has hitherto been published. Your story is *reality itself* and I hope it will have the widest circulation." HIRAM B. BICKERDYKE.

A crowd of troubles passed him by,
As he with courage waited.
He said: "Where do your troubles fly,
When you are thus belated?"

"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected,
Who weakly say good-bye to hope;
We go where we're expected."
From "Crocus & Wintergreen," Chicago.

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*Unity Publishing Company. 12mo., 176 pp. Cloth 75c net.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Congress at Lithia Springs

On an almost perfect summer day, in an ideal shaded vale nearby the widely known Lithia Springs, a small company of ministers and a larger number of laymen came to the spacious and beautiful Tabernacle last Saturday morning for a conference and discussion of "things divine and human" and a fellowship together across denominational lines.

The number of "labels" represented was not large, though the range was from the conservative to the radical, with perhaps a preponderance of Unitarian ministers and of Methodist laymen, and the fellowship was distinctly frank and honest, preëminently sympathetic and fraternal. From the opening address by Mr. N. O. Nelson, "the millionaire philanthropist" and builder of LeClaire, who asserted that the sermon on the mount is the sweetest and noblest, as well as the most rational and practical word yet spoken concerning economic and social relations, through to the inspiring postlude of the conference, by Jenkins Lloyd Jones, the relation of religion to life, of gospel teaching to daily living, of heavenly vision to earthly ministry, was ever and always insisted upon and was shown to be the pan-sectarian, unifying and universal gospel of love and life.

Better than a thousand theories of what ought to be was the plain statement of how and why the "model city"—which is not a city and does not set itself up as a model—how the co-operative and populous country-side came to be, and how it gets on without crime or criminals, jails or policemen, and cultivates the simple and satisfying life with both peace and prosperity. This plain statement of facts, by a modest captain of industry who insists upon remaining a private workman and dividing all his profits among laborers and customers, was of itself a revelation and a demonstration of the practical value and blessing of the vital truths of that religion, or that Christianity, which is common to all creeds and fundamental to all heart faiths. Many questions were asked of Mr. Nelson and much interest was manifested in the discussion.

Saturday afternoon the address by the secretary, opening the discussion of the question of whether there is a social crisis which marks the dawn of a newer and a diviner social order, was followed by a paper on "Justice the Basis of Religion and Law," by Mr. Dan R. Sheen, a well known lawyer of Peoria. Mr. Sheen set forth the low standards of justice prevalent even among the Hebrews of the Old Testament, contrasted them with the pure and high standards of Jesus, asserted the utter injustice of the Old Testament "letter" as a rule of life and plead for the establishment of the New Testament "spirit," as exemplified by Jesus, the personification of both justice and love. However severe Mr. Sheen's arraignment of Old Testament stories and heroes, his insistence on the true justice and brotherliness of Jesus was only another vindication of the value and abiding worth of the sermon on the mount.

Sunday was another day of beauty and inspiration in which both nature and human nature were joined in a chorus of faith and fellowship. The tabernacle holds fully a thousand people, but during the day a very much larger number than that were on the grounds and always a generous and attentive audience occupied the building or overflowed to the grass plots surrounding the canopied but unenclosed auditorium. The morning service included addresses by Rev. George R. Gebauer, of Alton, Ill., and Rev. W. B. Thorp, of Chicago; the former confronted the monotony of the humdrum life, vindicated the capacity and eternal outreaching of the human soul for the freshness and joy of love and ministry, while the latter set forth the "Assets of Christianity" in the great emotions and outgoings of the soul, represented in the conceptions of God,

Eternity, Christ, in the Bible and the Church, the human and the divine fellowships of a God-imaged humanity. But of these and the other addresses a report is impossible, only an experience and personal inspiration can be recorded. In the afternoon the address by Jenkin Lloyd Jones on the "Three Reverences: The Upward Look, the Downward Look and the Around Look," held an audience of perhaps 1,200 people deeply attentive for nearly an hour. In the evening the address by Rev. Fred V. Hawley, of Chicago, the closing word by Mr. Jones, and the valedictory word to the Chautauqua assembly by Professor Weitzell, fitly crowned the day.

There is barely room for a passing mention of the splendid music furnished by the Wesleyan Quartette, other vocalists and the orchestra. Considered as a virile and stirring appeal for a religion to live by, and as a practical demonstration of the virtual identity of interests possessed by the Congress and the Chautauqua movements, this meeting at Lithia Springs was surely worth while and perhaps prophetic. C. A. O.

Mid-August

Green in the valley and blue on the hill,
And brown in the fields near by,
A quiver of heat when the wind is still,
A Bob White whistle, strong and shrill,
And a distant, sweet reply.

A locust sings me a warm, dry song,
As he sits on a tassel of corn;
And the dust is deep and the spider lines strong,
And the seconds are pushing the minutes along.
For the hours are weary and worn.

The glorious blue of the summer sky
Is changed to a hazy gray,
And a lonely white cloud goes a-floating by.
And Mother Breeze nods with a half-closed eye
While her children, the zephyrs, play.

I lie 'neath a tree in a shady nook,
By a drowsy, murmuring stream.
And I listen and think and at times give a look
At the pages and lines of a lazy old book,
Till the words fade away in a dream.

—*John L. Shroy, in The Congregationalist.*

Labor Sunday

I have just written to the pastors of 11,000 Presbyterian churches requesting that they preach on some phase of the labor question on "Labor Sunday." It comes this year on September 1, and always on the day before Labor Day. Of all the days of the year it is the time when the church may most reasonably address itself to the problems of the toilers. "Labor Sunday" has become a calendar day in the Presbyterian church. It recognizes the millions who toil in the humbler places of life.

May I suggest that organized labor coöperate with these ministers on this occasion in making it the most successful service of its kind ever held in your town? It may be made to mean much to the cause of the workingman.

Many a preacher has a message both for the workingman and for his employer, which he would be glad to give, but he fears that his invitation may be treated lightly by the trades unionists. How would it do to have trades unionists invite the minister to preach a labor sermon on Labor Sunday, and then hustle to get him a crowd? This would be one of the best bits of work for the cause that some of you will have accomplished in many a day. Try it, anyway. The standing of the workingmen will be elevated through such a meeting. The church folks will know more about your aims and aspirations, and then they will be in a position to help more intelligently. REV CHAS. STELZLE.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Has He Reached the Pole?

Walter Wellman expected to start for the North Pole in the great airship fitted out at Spitzbergen, not later than the last week of August and he may have gone as early as the 23d, though at this writing definite information is lacking. Apparently every achievement of modern science has been employed in fitting out this expedition and trial trips of the great air vessel were reported satisfactory. It may be true that the stars and stripes now float at latitude 90 degrees; what then?

Prince Wilhelm of Sweden.

The grandson of King Oscar of Sweden has reached American shores and on Saturday was wined and dined by the royal millionaires and social four hundred at Newport. It is interesting to read that the Swedish ambassador deprecates the seeming culture of exclusive circles by H. R. H., asserts such is not the desire of this scion of "democratic" Sweden, and states that Prince Wilhelm insists upon remaining a mere lieutenant in both name and station, performing regular duties and eating at the officers' table as any other officer of the Swedish navy does. If the Prince holds to the rule that "a man's a man for a' that" he will bring a message to Newport and America worth heeding.

Is Heredity a Law?

One of the important papers read before the International Zoölogical Congress in Boston last week was by Dr. William Keith Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, on the topic, "Are Heredity and Variation Facts?" Dr. Brooks asserted they were not facts, but only imperfect concepts, because every organism is individual and unique. He said: "Like never produces like, but something else. Nothing in nature stands alone; all things in nature mutually act one on the other. Selection does not select; fitness is not in the individual but in the reciprocal action between the organism and its surroundings. Species exists neither in the organism nor in the environment, but in the intricate interdependencies. Species does not exist in the chromatin, nor in any of the plasms, nor in any of the terms that embryologiests love to coin, but is in the reciprocal interaction."

Death of Mr. Milne.

The following note comes from the secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M. A telegram from Buenos Ayres, dated August 22nd, announces the death of the Rev. Andrew M. Milne, during forty-three years the agent of the American Bible Society for its La Plata Agency. Since the establishment of the agency in 1864 Mr. Milne has rendered the very distinguished service of breaking ground and laying the foundations of the society's permanent operations in all the capitals and in many cities of the ten republics of South America, besides organizing and supervising a most energetic force of colporteurs in a region whose area equals that of the whole United States, including Alaska. His sale of Scriptures with his own hands are literally to be measured by tons, besides far greater quantities disposed of by his very efficient staff of colporteurs.

Address by the President.

At the laying of the corner-stone of a monument erected by the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association on the spot where the pilgrim fathers first landed, President Roosevelt was the principal orator and seized the opportunity to contrast the sturdy virtues of the Pilgrims with the loose morals of the present day. Pointing out the changed conditions of our national life, the President insisted that there need be no conflict between national sov-

ereignty and states rights, for the former, as well as the latter, must be upheld only in so far as the people's rights would be maintained thereby. He insisted there must be a more efficient control over great wealth, especially corporate wealth, and promised that the government would not swerve from its work of securing equal justice to every citizen, without regard to race, color, or commercial standing. He intimated that recent financial disturbances might have been occasioned by those who desired to deter the government from its prosecution of predatory wealth and asserted that legitimate business could be in no danger from the methods which the administration had pursued and the policy which would be loyally maintained during the rest of his administration. Whatever may be indicated thereby, it is an interesting fact that the report of this speech caused an advance instead of a decline in the price of stocks on Wall Street.

End of Suit Against Mrs. Eddy.

The famous suit brought by "next friends" of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy ended abruptly last week by the formal application of the complainants that suit be dismissed. The reasons given for the withdrawal of the suit were that under the ruling of the court and the masters appointed to sit upon the case the attorneys for the plaintiffs felt that conviction was difficult as well as expensive, and little, if any, results could be gained even if the case was won, because no division of the property could be expected during Mrs. Eddy's lifetime. It is rumored that new evidence has come into the hands of ex-Senator Chandler, who is conducting the case, and that the formal withdrawal of this suit only means a new attack on another basis. Whatever may be the conclusion of this remarkable case, it seems manifest that Mrs. Eddy is no more insane today than she has been for a score of years, so that ground for complaint will not be because of feebleness or age, but on alleged mental unbalance, evidenced by her life and teachings through many years. This latter assertion, if made, will be a still more critical charge against the founder and tenets of Christian Science.

With the Wires.

There has been no important change in the strike situation during the past week, though both companies have formally announced they will henceforth insist upon an open shop, and the Postal company will require all employees to sign a formal agreement which virtually makes loyalty to the union, as previously conducted, an impossibility. Despite the claims of the managers that they have a number of men able to care for all business offered, attempts of the writer to send telegrams have not seemed to justify these claims. The strike has been very effective, but good judges seem to doubt the ability of the strikers to win out.

Favors a Parcels' Post.

Postmaster General Myer has publicly expressed himself as giving serious consideration to the feasibility of establishing a parcels' post in the postoffice department, with a limit of ten pounds weight on packages to be carried. Critics of the plan have been prodigal of their criticism, promising a net loss to the government of not less than $150,000,000 a year. Inasmuch as packages weighing as much as eleven pounds can now be sent to most of the Central and South American countries and to Great Britain, Germany, Denmark, Belgium, Norway and Sweden as well as to Australia, Japan and some Chinese cities, at the rate of 12 cents a pound, it would seem reasonable as well as feasible that the domestic parcels should not be limited to four pounds and charged for at the rate of 16 cents a pound. Surely it will be a great boon to the great mass of the people if the highway robbery of the express company is superseded by this simple and convenient parcels' post.

Leland Stanford Jewels Sold.

The diamonds belonging to the estate of Mrs. Leland Stanford, Jr., have been sold through a London wholesale house, and it is reported $350,000 was realized, which will be added to the income of the Leland Stanford University in compliance with the terms of the will. It is an easy and instructive comparison to make between the further service of the wealth worn by Mrs. Stanford and the results it may accomplish in the university which bears her name.

Crusade Against Criminals.

Last Friday Chief of Police Shippy and his men began a crusade against criminals having for its object the arrest or driving from the city of every known criminal within the city limits. On this first day's effort twenty detectives under the personal direction of Chief Shippy and Captain O'Brien swept the West Side, entered well-known resorts and arrested twenty well-known characters, one of whom was shot in a police duel following a burglary which he had just committed. Some of the men are criminals with a national or international reputation, their only means of support being under bane of the law, and apparently the order of the police chief is as justifiable as it is desirable and commended.

The Hague Conference.

The American proposition for the establishment of a permanent international court of arbitration is being seriously considered and the text of the agreement has been completed by the representatives of Great Britain, Germany and the United States and will be brought up for formal discussion by all the powers on August 28. As now formulated the court is to consist of seventeen judges, nine forming a quorum. This high court will yearly appoint three judges with three substitutes as a special tribunal, which can, if necessary, try cases elsewhere than at The Hague. There seems reason to hope that this proposition will be formally adopted by the powers.

Boston Milk Supply.

The Boston Board of Health has just issued its annual report, in which it is noted that 316 licensed dealers supply the city with 368,849 quarts of milk daily. About 123,250 quarts are pasteurized by heating to 155 degrees Fahrenheit. Some milk is delivered when twelve hours old, but a large percentage is from twenty-four to forty-eight and even sixty hours old when given to customers. The Board of Health does not favor pasteurization, except under limited conditions and only when specifically labeled.

C. A. O.

Mother Magic

In days of childhood, now long-lapsed and dim,
  Often I sat within a holy place
Where mystic word and solemn-rolling hymn
  Touched the tranced souls of men to thoughts of Grace.

Too small to comprehend, yet happy there
  I lingered, since beside me, close and dear,
Sat the sweet mother with her rippled hair,
  Her smile of angels and her color clear.

And she would hold my hand, and so express,
  In some deep way, the wonder of the hour;
Our spirits talked, by silent tenderness,
  As easily as flower nods to flower.

And to this day, when so I creep alone
  Into some sacred corner, list the choir,
Hear some great organ's most melodious moan
  And watch the windows flush daylight with fire;

Over me once again those memories steal;
  I sit as in a dream, and understand
God's meaning; for, across the years, I feel
  The meek, sure magic of that spirit-hand.

—*Richard Burton, in August Atlantic.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine.
MON.—O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.
TUES.—In months of sun so live that months of rain
Shall still be happy.
WED.—I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight.
THURS.—Was never a deed but left its token
Written on tables never broken.
FRI.—Deep below, as high above
Sweeps the circle of God's love.
SAT.—God give us grace,
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor!

—*Whittier.*

House and Home

On the day when you were wed,
Seven Junes ago, you said
All your life's ambitions were
Centered in a home with her.
Wealth and health attending you,
All those busy twelve months through,
Blessed your life and hers, and yet,
Where's the home you meant to get?

That's your house across the way
With the marble front, you say?
That's your auto standing there
Underneath the porte-cochere.
That prim butler at the door
Very likely lords it o'er
Quite a dozen maids or more;
Maids who toil and maids who shirk,
Maids for menial kitchen work,
Maids who guard with brush and broom
Every richly furnished room,
Every polished oaken stair;
Maids to dress milady's hair—
Maids and flunkies everywhere!
Quite a grand menage, but, sir,
Where's the home you promised her?

Wealth can rear a gilded dome;
Love and Duty make the home.
Gold is no essential thing
In its proper furnishing.
Not an auto at the door,
But a coach becomes it more.
Tiny coach whose one or two
Occupants resemble you.
Gems of art that grace your hall
You might well exchange for small
Finger marks upon the wall.
Lisping voices, pattering feet,
Furnish melody more sweet
Than your grand salon has known.
Where's the home you meant to own?
All that lies behind your door
Is a dwelling place; no more.

—*F. A. Daly.*

Worth Knowing

For centuries women have put away all sorts of odds and ends because "they will come handy some time." This practice no doubt began with the first good housekeeper of a primitive tribe, and has gone on through the ages, until it is now one of the peculiarities of women's education. A man learns what makes for the particular end he has in view. A woman tucks away in her memory any interesting bit of information, and some day produces it, to the surprise of her masculine rival. This habit makes women especially valuable as librarians. Here is an example of the actual worth of a scrap of knowledge.

A few years ago a shabby old book was sent from a parish library in England to be sold by auction in London. It was seven inches long and five wide. It consisted of thirty-eight leaves of vellum, on which were inscribed the four gospels. It had four illuminated illustrations, representing the evangelists, each seated on a stool, holding his gospel, and each having a circular gold nimbus.

The book was bought by the Bodleian Library for [illegible] pounds. Months afterward, when it came to be catalogued, a poem was found written on the fyleaf, containing a reference to the rescue of the book from the bed of a stream, where it had been dropped by a careless servant, and where it lay until discovered by a passing knight. Of course the poet attributed the recovery of the sacred volume to a miracle.

The verses casually referred to the fact that when the book was lost it was being "conveyed to the king and queen."

"What king and queen, I wonder?" mused the librarian.

"Why, a story like that was told of the gospels belonging to Margaret of Scotland," said his woman assistant. Sure enough, a little research showed that there was scarcely a doubt that the book had belonged to Margaret, Queen of Scotland, who died in 1093. This book was fully described by her confessor more than 800 years ago. He related its being lost in the brook, recovered and conveyed to its royal owner, and used by her for many years.

So the worn old book which the Bodleian bought for a song is now one of the great library's priceless treasures—identified by a girl's knowledge of a queer story in the life of a queen who was also a saint.—*Exchange.*

"Today It's Quinces"

Mrs. Ashley sniffed as she entered.

"Quinces?" she asked. "You mustn't let me interrupt if you're preserving; I can just as well come another time—— Oh, very well, then. My, my, how good they do smell? There's no preserve anywhere near as rich and fruity to my mind; and then they always make me think of Mary Glynn. Mary Glynn's quinces are a sort of byword in our family when there's trouble.

"You see, I was the one to break it to her when that wretched cousin of the Glynns muddled up his own affairs and theirs and the firm's, and then bolted. It seemed likely they'd lose everything; and I'd about as lief have walked up to a cannon as in to Mary's door to tell her.

"After all the other troubles she'd had—there's been a perfect siege of sickness for one thing—it did seem the last straw. Just as things had seemed to be getting comfortable at last, too.

"I found her putting up quinces, and I told her, plain and straight. I'm not one to have patience with feeble sisters, but I don't know's I'd have blamed Mary, considering all things, if she had fainted, or had hysterics, or any other sort of breakdown. I was prepared.

"But she was as quiet as quiet—just sat still a while, with the long spoon in her hand, and the clock ticking, and the kitchen all sweet and hot and quincey. Then she got up all of a sudden, and says she:

"'Well, anyway, I must finish these quinces.'

"Dear soul! I told her not to bother. I'd see to 'em; she had enough else to attend to; but:

"'No,' she would have it. 'You've your work on hand and I've mine. Tomorrow there'll be plenty I'll have to attend to, but today it's quinces.'

"Of course it was only 'the duty next at hand'—'one thing at a time'—just what we're always being told. But it's one thing to be told and another thing to *see*. Many's the time when I've needed to fight off worry and keep to work I've remembered that sweet, hot kitchen and Mary's queer little brave smile, and I've told myself, 'Never mind tomorrow; today it's quinces.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY | UNITY | ESTABLISHED 1878

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Personal

UNITY readers and many friends of Rev. A. N. Alcott will be glad to know that his present address is Macomb, Ill. We are glad to give this address in the interest of a large fellowship which Mr. Alcott has enjoyed and we hope for him a yet larger and more valued service in the kingdom.

Foreign Notes

PEACE TEACHING IN THE UNIVERSITIES.—Those who are working for the extension of peace teaching in schools and colleges will read with interest a continued article on this subject by Dr. André de Maday in the *Signal de Genève* of July 20 and 27. In discussing the matter of peace teaching he says the first question that presents itself is one of its justification. Can the subject be taken seriously enough to teach? Does it offer any field for scientific investigation? Is it anything more than an admirable chimera existing in the minds of certain people, or can it present facts worth dissemination?

For an answer to these questions Mr. Maday refers us to the preface of the first issue of the *Annuaire de vie Internationale* (Monaco, 1905) with its facts and figures regarding the natural and spontaneous development of internationalism. This Annual shows, says Mr. Fried in its preface, that what many people regard as an ideal, a distant goal, already exists. A United States of Europe, yes, even a United States of the World, is no longer a mere desideratum; it is a reality. European union, the union of international civilization, is here. It was born unsought, is a natural phenomenon, and as such its existence can no longer be prevented nor its development stopped. The *Annuaire* aims to record the progress of this evolution and to give each year a faithful picture of it. From the Annual for 1906 we learn that in 1905 there were but fifty international offices or bureaux; in 1906, however, there were eighty. During the same period the number of international organizations of a private nature grew from 143 to 235; that of unofficial international congresses from 115 to 150. The pacific movement, then, has become one of the marked tendencies of the day and modern education is compelled to take cognizance of it on the same ground that one teaches the avoidance of social war.

The Peace Congresses have recognized this from the beginning and, from the Paris Congress, in 1889, to that at Milan, in 1906, have seized every occasion to urge propaganda in the schools. Attempts have been made to act on these reiterated resolutions by substituting for laudations of war and conquerors the praise of civilization and the achievements of human solidarity, as well as by the celebration of a Peace Day in the schools of Italy, the United States and Hungary.

While this is admirable, Mr. Maday thinks it is by no means all that is needed. The appeal is to the sentiments, making the rising generation hate war (and with good reason) but not at all explaining how it is that, in an age boasting its humanitarianism and its Christianity, wars continue nevertheless. In other words, *we teach Peace but we do not study it.* It is *study* of Peace that is needed today.

He goes on to show that Peace being a sociological, and hence a natural, phenomenon, its existence or non-existence is due to social laws. A scientific investigation of the causes of war and peace is what is needed and whoever will undertake such a study will render a permanent and inestimable service.

In the second part of his article Mr. Maday shows that since it is recognized as the special province of the University to undertake special researches and study questions from a scientific point of view there can be no doubt that it is the university that should take up the study of Peace.

Here, again, the Peace Congresses early saw the relations of things, as is shown by a resolution of the London congress, in 1890, calling on the universities to increase the number of chairs of sociology, and by later resolutions. It has been suggested that peace teaching might be given in other departments, such as those of international law, history, or even philosophy, in connection with ethics, but Mr. Maday shows very plainly how the inevitable limitations of aim and scope in each of these preclude any adequate treatment of the peace question.

Having demonstrated that sociology alone is competent to deal with the ques-

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tion, he next goes on to show that the subject of peace is important enough to demand special courses, and then calls attention to the Bibliography of the Peace Movement compiled by the well-known Belgian senator, Mr. Henry Lafontaine, and published by the *Institut International de la Paix* at Monaco, in 1904. This bibliography, which closes with May, 1903, and does not include arbitration (that subject being left for another volume), contains the titles of 2,222 works relating to peace, classified under twenty heads. Each one of these lists, or chapters, would furnish abundant material for a special course.

In conclusion, Mr. Maday reiterates that at present the peace propaganda is more earnest than the scientific study of Peace. That the equilibrium between these two factors of the Peace movement may be restored, he says, let us throw wide open the doors of our universities to the Sociology of Peace, thereby rendering a much greater service to the cause than is possible to a wholly sentimental propaganda. M. E. H.

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